

LIFE SIMILES.

[By P. B. West]

As cascade echoing streamlet's flow,
Or silent river dark-and-deep,
As ocean's thermal currents—slow
That through their briny channels creep,
And mingle with the swelling sea
Life like with exhalations free.

How like the zephyrs floating past,
Or grateful summer evening breeze,
Like sober autumn's chilling blast
That dirge like sighs through leafless trees,
Through nature's imagery we trace
Life scenes of earth our dwelling place.

Perchance life like the rivulet
Its onward sparkling course will take
Until by wave-like echoes met
From placid clear expansive lake,
And with it mingle and explose
Its mirror'd depths and shining shore.

Again has life its halcyon days,
As stars, that burn with borrow'd light
Of ruling sun, with lesser rays
These faithful sentinels of night
Arise, with changeless radiance glow
While darkness shrouds the world below.

Life's morning blushes as the dawn,
Wastes its effulgence fades away,
How soon alas, are fled and gone
Earth's votaries, say where are they?
A voice comes from the swelling sea
Of life—in vast eternity.

Then echo from the shining shore
Of placid lake and ocean wave,
To echo answers—evermore
To peaceful shores bright waters lave,
Hail welcome bark—hail welcome guest
To haven where the weary rest.

The haven gained, from dangers past
Now freed, and free from earthly care,
Where hope is as the anchor cast,
Life's currents smooth and tranquil are,
List waiting mortals, doubt no more,
But view thro' faith, life's peaceful shore.